MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
75¢ US
95¢ CAN
243
JUNE
02459
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY
THE COMING OF THE
NAMELESS ONE!

Stan Lee presents:

DON'T TOUCH ME

THIS IS THE APARTMENT OF DANNY GUITAR. SOMEONE HAS LEFT HIM A VOODOO DOLL, BUT DANNY CLAIMS HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN THOSE THINGS.

SUPERSTITION...

IT PRICKS AT YOU. IT FLICKERS JUST AT THE EDGE OF VISION. INVISIBLE, BUT YOU SEE IT, YET IF YOU LOOK DIRECTLY AT IT, IT VANISHES.

STEP ON A CRACK AND YOU BREAK YOUR MOTHER'S BACK. SHATTER A MIRROR AND IT'S SEVEN YEARS HARD TIME WITH BAD LUCK. BAD ROLL OF THE DICE AND IT'S ALL OVER.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION. A PRICK HERE, A NEEDLE THERE. ONE STICKS IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND, ANOTHER IN YOUR GUT. IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS, REALLY. THE BLACK CAT. YOU FORGET TO KNOCK ON WOOD.

THEY STING YOU LIKE SO MANY MOSQUITOS TILL IT BUILDS AND GROWS AND YOUR THROAT CLOSES UP AND YOUR STOMACH TURNS UPSIDE-DOWN AND YOU WRETCH IN COLD FEAR.

NAH. THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. NO EVIL-EYES NO DEATH-CURSES NO BOGEY-MEN. NOT IN THE MODERN GLOBAL VILLAGE OF TELEVISION AND BURGER KINGS AND PENICILLIN AND COMPUTERS AND ALL THE THINGS THAT WHIRR AND HUM IN THE BRIGHT DAYLIGHT.

NOTHING GOES BUMP IN THE NIGHT ANYMORE.

YUP. YER GONNA DIE...

WOULD YOU SHUT UP!

ANN NOCENTI
WRITER

LOUIS WILLIAMS
PENCILER

WILLIAMSON/BULANADI
INKERS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

SCHEELE/BECTON
COLORS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAREDEVIL™ Vol. 1, No. 243, June, 1987. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS, A NEW WORLD PICTURES COMPANY. James E. Gallon, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1987 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and 95¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $9.00 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $11.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MARVEL and DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 9TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.**

ELSEWHERE IN HELL'S KITCHEN, NEW YORK CITY...
EEAAAAAAGGK-!
GKK-!
HURTS-!
GGAAIEHRR-!
AAK-!
BAD-!
AAAOOO-!
NEED-!
AK-!
MONEY-!
CR-!
ASH!
KR-!
SKASSH!
STOP THAT!

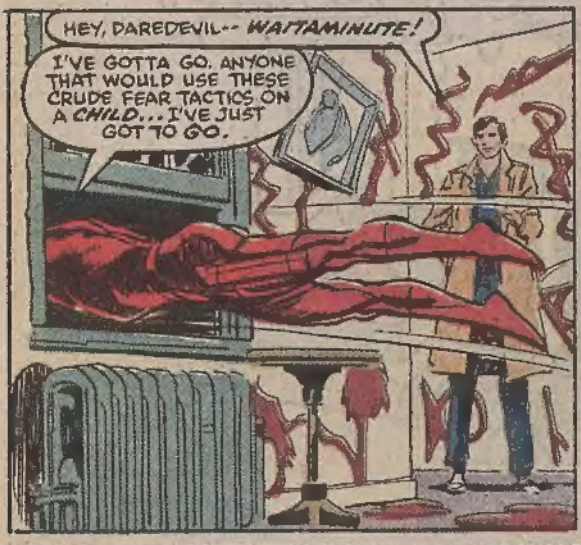
STOP IT!
DROWNING...
HOLD ME!
...MIRROR BROKE ...BAD LUCK BAD LUCK...
AIEHHYA! THE DEVIL!
YOU'RE THE DEVIL! I WANNA DIE ...TAKE ME!
QUIET!
STUCK NEEDLE... IN ME...BAD STUFF...
BAD STUFF... GOTTA GET MORE...
MONEY...NEEDLES...HURTS...HURTS!
EASY.
LET ME HELP.
THE RED MAN DOESN'T SEE WHAT WE SEE. BLIND EYES CAN'T SEE THE TWISTED BODY.
A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT. BUT AT THE SAME TIME, IT OPENED UP HIS SENSES, HEIGHTENED AND SHARPENED THEM.
HE HEARS THE BOY'S HEART TH-THUNKING, STRUGGLING TO PUMP WEAK BEATS. HE FEELS HIS OWN BODY RE-COIL SYMPATHETICALLY WITH EACH TREMOR AND SPASM THAT WRACKS THE FRAIL BODY UNDER HIS HANDS. HE SMELLS THE POISONS LEACHING OUT OF THE CHILD'S PORES, TASTES DEATH FLUTTERING AROUND THE BODY...
BAD LUCK BAD LUCK...
DON'T TOUCH ME...
...TOUCH ME...
AND HE CURSES THE SENSITIVITY OF HIS SPECIAL SENSES, AND WISHES WITH HIS WHOLE BIG HEART THAT HIS WORLD WAS NUMB AND DULL LIKE EVERYONE ELSE'S.
I WANT TO...HEAL YOU, POUR MY STRENGTH INTO YOU...
HE'S NOT HERE ANYMORE...HE'S IN SOME KIND OF ALTERED STATE...
THE PAIN, THE FEAR-- IT'S SENT HIS MIND ELSEWHERE...
WHERE IT CAN'T TOUCH HIM.

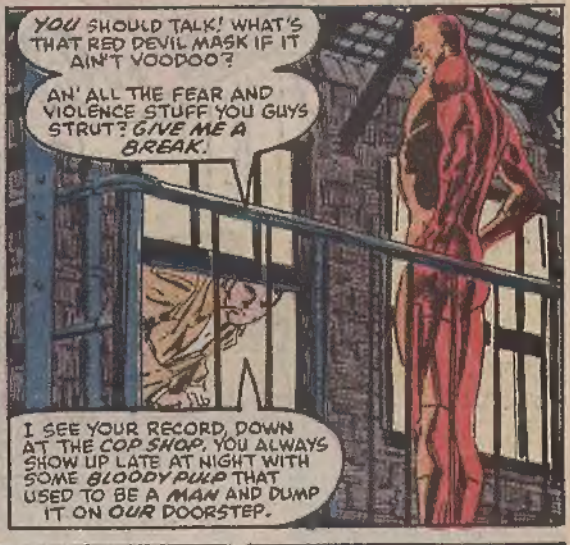
HOSPITAL'S CLOSE NOW...
BEEP BEEP!
WALK
HONK!
HEY--LOOKIT THAT! IT'S DAREDEVIL!
SO WHAT? HEY--GET OFFA MY ROOF!
HIS HEART--COME ON, BEAT!
THERE!
NO! PLEASE...
EMERGEN
YES!
IT'S HIS HEART! NEEDS HELP FAST!
YEAH, YEAH.
MOVE IT!
I HEAR YA. THE MACHINE'S SET UP, THE JUMPER CABLES ARE READY.
WE'LL GET HIS HEART GOIN' LIKE WE GET MOST A' THE OTHERS GOIN'.
SOME BAD DRUGS ON THE STREET--IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT.

SOON...
THIS IS THE ADDRESS ERIC GAVE ME, THANK GOD, THE POOR CHILD RECOVERED. I HEAR SIX HEART-BEATS... WALKIE-TALKIES... AND IT SMELLS OF BLOOD... AND COPS.
WELL, GLORY HALLELUJAH, IT'S DAREDEVIL.
JUST WHAT WE NEED TO TOP OFF A STINKER OF A NIGHT!
THE BOY'S ALIVE.
OH, YEAH? THAT'S GREAT!
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
JUST DROPPED HIM AT THE HOSPITAL. HE'S SICK AND WEAK BUT HE'S TALKING. SOMEBODY FILLED HIM FULL OF BAD DRUGS.
PROBABLY CRACK--THAT NEW COCAINE STUFF. SWEET LITTLE ERIC WAS A DRUG RUNNER TRYING TO TURN STOOLIE.
BUT HIS BOSS SENT HIM A MESSAGE--THIS SICKO DROOL YOU SEE SCRAWLED ALL OVER HIS HOME.
WE GOT A WILDMAN DEALER ON OUR HANDS. MY DETECTIVES TELL ME THESE SYMBOLS ARE HAITIAN. SEEMS SOME DEALER NAMED DANNY GUITAR IS USING VOODOO SCARE TACTICS TO KEEP HIS BOYS IN LINE.
THE GUY'S HIT ON SOMETHING. STREET FOLK ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT. HIS VOODOO IS WORKING.
A CALLING CARD LIKE THIS IS HIS WAY OF SAYING SHAPE UP--
--OR YOU'RE DEAD.
ERIC'S MOM--HER PAIN IS SO VIVID AND PALPABLE--IT HURTS ME. I MUST TELL HER...
THERE'S MORE IN THE BEDROOM, BUCKO. A DAGGER STUCK IN EACH OF THE BOY'S SHOES.
YOUR NAME IS BUCKO?
BUCKO LEARY--AN OFFICIAL, LICENSED COP.
UNLIKE YOU WITH YOUR PARA-MILITARY... OH, HECK, WHY AM I EVEN TALKING TO YOU?
BECAUSE YOU WANT JUSTICE DONE.
NOT YOUR BRAND OF IT.

MA'AM--ERIC SENT ME.
MY BOY'S DEAD.
NO, HE'S NOT--HE *LIVES.*
LOOK 'ROUND AT WHAT THEY DONE TO MY HOME. MY BOY'S *DEAD.*
NOW YOU GO *AWAY*, LEAVE A MOTHER TO *PRAY* FOR HER *BOY'S SOUL.*

GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL BUCKO. TAKE HER TO HER *SON.*
YOU'D BETTER PRAY TO YOUR GODS, TOO, VOODOO MAN.
NOT THAT IT'LL HELP YOU ANY WHEN I GET MY *HANDS* ON YOU.

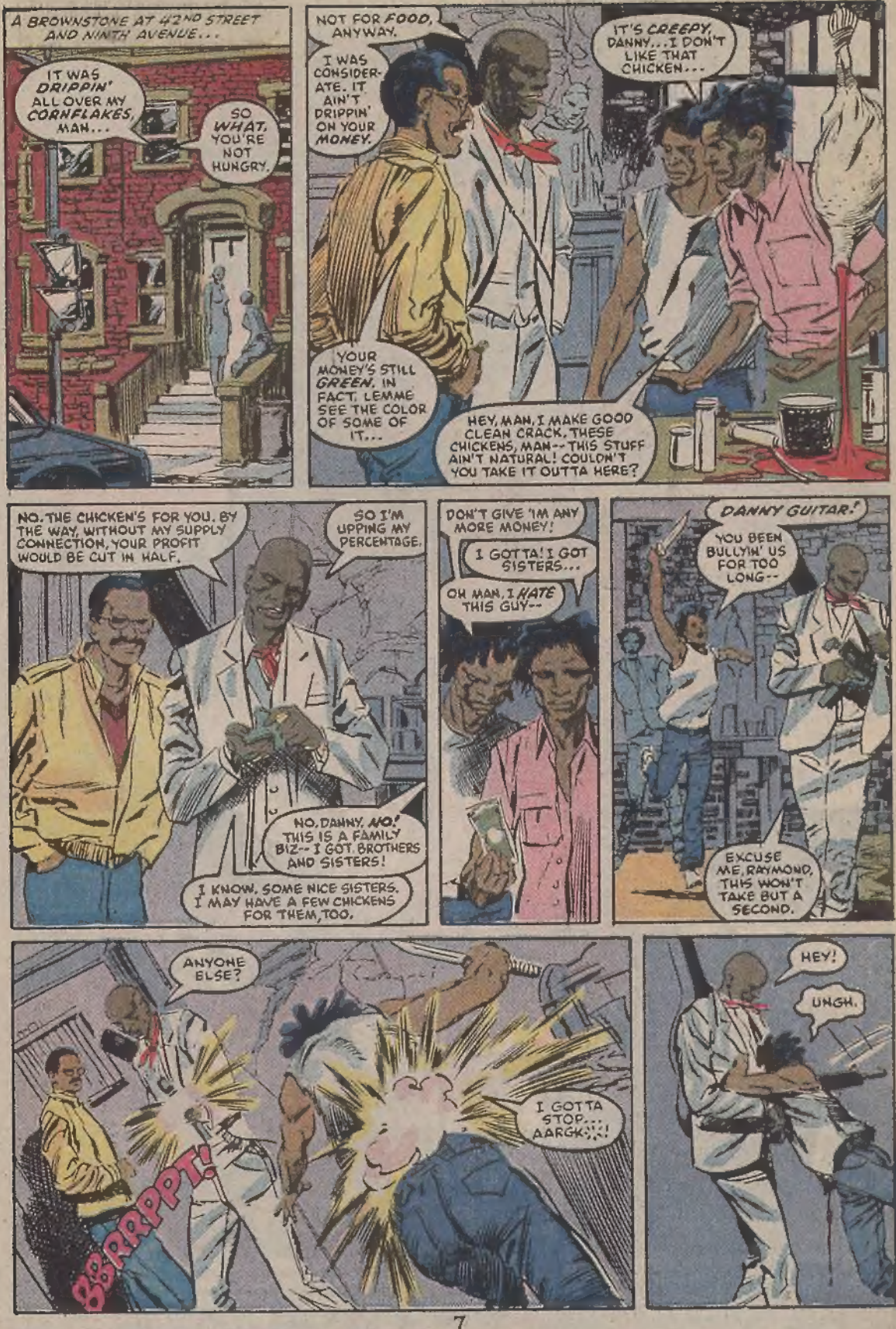

HEY, DAREDEVIL-- *WAITAMINUTE!*
I'VE GOTTA GO. ANYONE THAT WOULD USE THESE CRUDE FEAR TACTICS ON A *CHILD*... I'VE JUST GOT TO GO.


YOU SHOULD TALK! WHAT'S THAT RED DEVIL MASK IF IT AIN'T VOODOO?
AN' ALL THE FEAR AND VIOLENCE STUFF YOU GUYS STRUT? *GIVE ME A BREAK.*
I SEE YOUR RECORD, DOWN AT THE *COP SHOP*. YOU ALWAYS SHOW UP LATE AT NIGHT WITH SOME *BLOODY PULP* THAT USED TO BE A *MAN* AND DUMP IT ON *OUR* DOORSTEP.

DO ME A FAVOR--YOU WANNA TAKE ON THIS HAITIAN WILDMAN?
TRY DOIN' IT BY THE *BOOKS*. JUST *ONCE*. GET THE *EVIDENCE* AND BRING *THAT* TO US.
I'M A *COP*, MY THREAT TO THESE ANIMALS IS THE *LAW* AND THE *JAILHOUSE.*

IT WORKS FOR THE *POLICE* FORCE. *WE* DON'T NEED TO USE VOODOO AND FASCISM TO GET JUSTICE DONE.
RIGHT.
AW, DARN IT--BLACK CAT! WHAT ROTTEN BAD LUCK...

I DIDN'T KNOW COPS WERE SUCH A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT.
BE SEEING YOU, BUCKO.


A BROWNSTONE AT 42ND STREET AND NINTH AVENUE...
IT WAS DRIPPIN' ALL OVER MY CORNFLAKES, MAN...
SO WHAT, YOU'RE NOT HUNGRY.
NOT FOR FOOD, ANYWAY.
I WAS CONSIDERATE. IT AIN'T DRIPPIN' ON YOUR MONEY.
IT'S CREEPY, DANNY... I DON'T LIKE THAT CHICKEN...
YOUR MONEY'S STILL GREEN. IN FACT, LEMME SEE THE COLOR OF SOME OF IT...
HEY, MAN, I MAKE GOOD CLEAN CRACK. THESE CHICKENS, MAN -- THIS STUFF AIN'T NATURAL! COULDN'T YOU TAKE IT OUTTA HERE?
NO. THE CHICKEN'S FOR YOU. BY THE WAY, WITHOUT MY SUPPLY CONNECTION, YOUR PROFIT WOULD BE CUT IN HALF.
SO I'M UPPING MY PERCENTAGE.
NO, DANNY, NO! THIS IS A FAMILY BIZ -- I GOT BROTHERS AND SISTERS!
I KNOW. SOME NICE SISTERS. I MAY HAVE A FEW CHICKENS FOR THEM, TOO.
DON'T GIVE 'IM ANY MORE MONEY!
I GOTTA! I GOT SISTERS...
OH MAN, I HATE THIS GUY--
DANNY GUITAR!
YOU BEEN BULLYIN' US FOR TOO LONG--
EXCUSE ME, RAYMOND, THIS WON'T TAKE BUT A SECOND.
ANYONE ELSE?
BBRRPPT!
I GOTTA STOP... AARGH...!
HEY!
UNGH.

YOU, OAF!
NOT ON THE WHITE JACKET, MAN!
LET GO OF MY SCARF!
LATER, AT BURGER KING...
BUT YOU ARE, YOU'RE A GENIUS!
WE'RE GETTING TWICE THE PERCENTAGE FROM ALL THE CRACKHOUSES WE SUPPLY--AND ALL WITH A FEW BLOODY CHICKENS!
THIS VOODOO-HOODOO WORKS! I MEAN--SCARED OF A DEAD BIRD? HAW HAW!
YEAH, WELL... IF YOU LET IT GET TO YOU..
THAT STUFF USED TO SCARE ME TOO, BACK IN HAITI...
SOULS STEAM IN EARTHEN POTS...
THE DRUMS BEAT, THE DANCERS STEP AND SWAY.
BOOM STEP BOOM STEP BOOM STEP BOOM STEP BOOM STEP
IT'S NOT JUST THE BEATS THEY HEAR BUT THE SILENCES BETWEEN THEM.
BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

THE RHYTHM IS INSISTENT THAT IT TAKES OVER... TILL THE BODY RESPONDS TO THE BEAT ON ITS OWN ...RELEASING THE MIND...
...TO GO ELSEWHERE...
--WHERE THERE IS POWER.

RUB YOURSELF AGAINST THE CARCASS OF A BEAST AND GAIN ITS POWER...
LISTEN FOR THE WHISPERED SECRET NAME OF A FETISH AND GAIN ITS POWER...

DON'T THINK JUST MOVE... AND LIKE DOWSING FOR WATER--YOU'LL FIND IT...

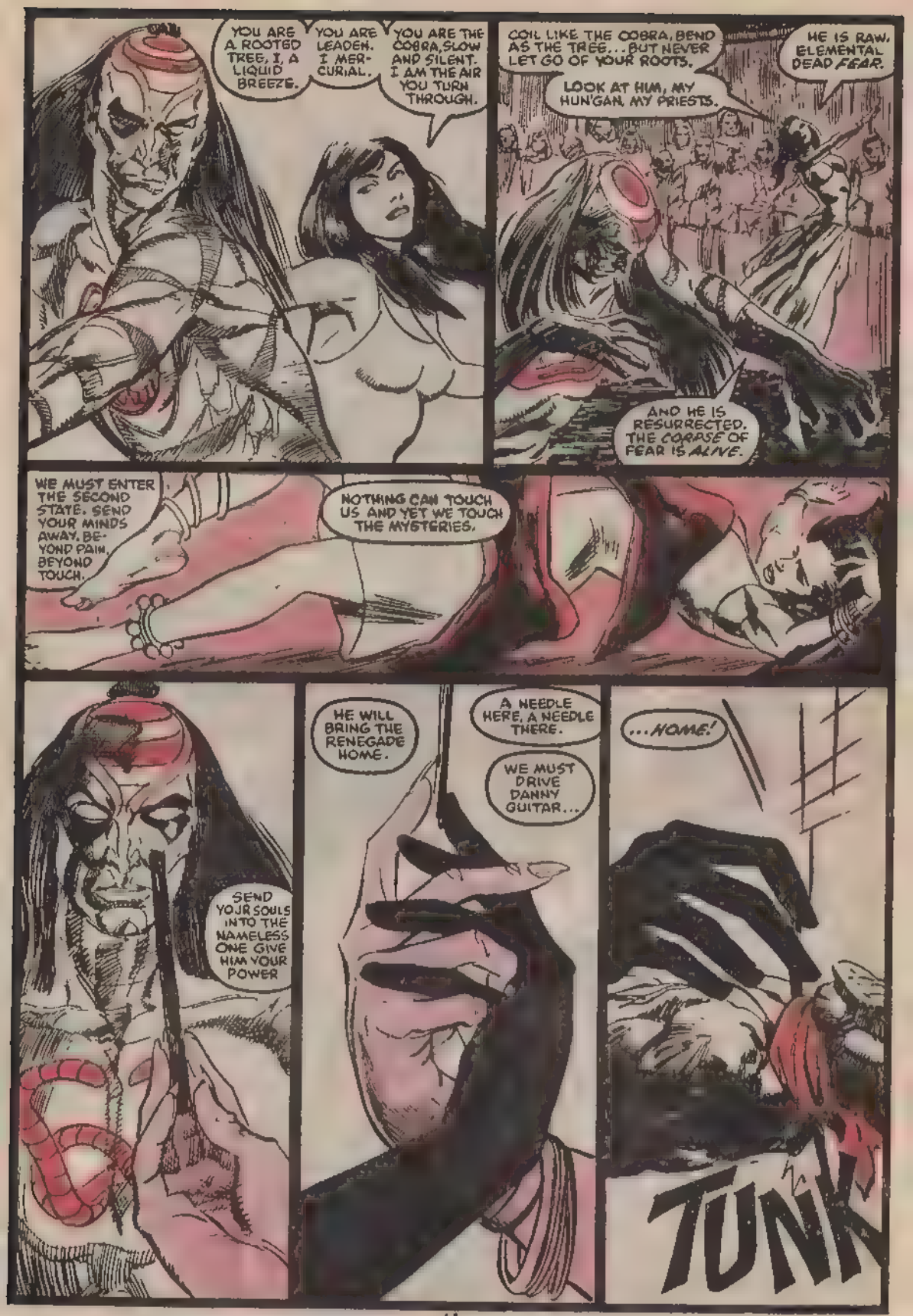
...EAT THE MEAT OF A LION AND GAIN THE BOLDNESS OF THE KING OF BEASTS...EAT CHICKEN AND BE A COWARD...
HEY! DANNY GUITAR!
OH, MAN--YOU JUST NODDED OUT TO THE OZONE!
YOU BEEN SMOKIN' YOUR OWN GOODS?

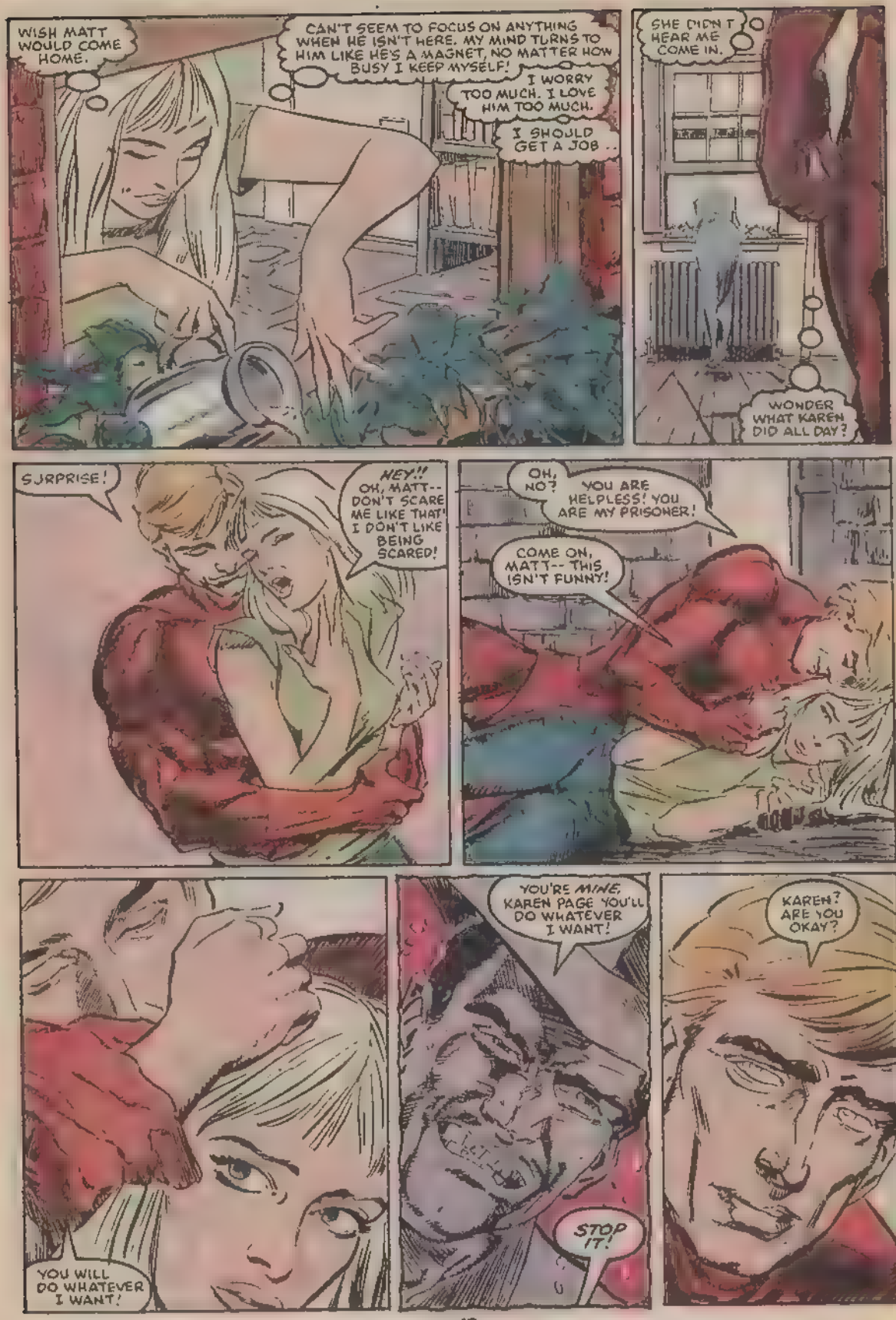
NO, UH... JUST THINKING ABOUT HAITI. I WAS WRAPPED UP IN THE VOODOO THERE...
BUT NOW, SITTING HERE IN A FAST FOOD JOINT IN THE GOOD OLD MODERN USA, IT SEEMS RIDICULOUS THAT I WAS EVER SCARED OF THAT STUFF.
COME ON, LET'S BOOK.

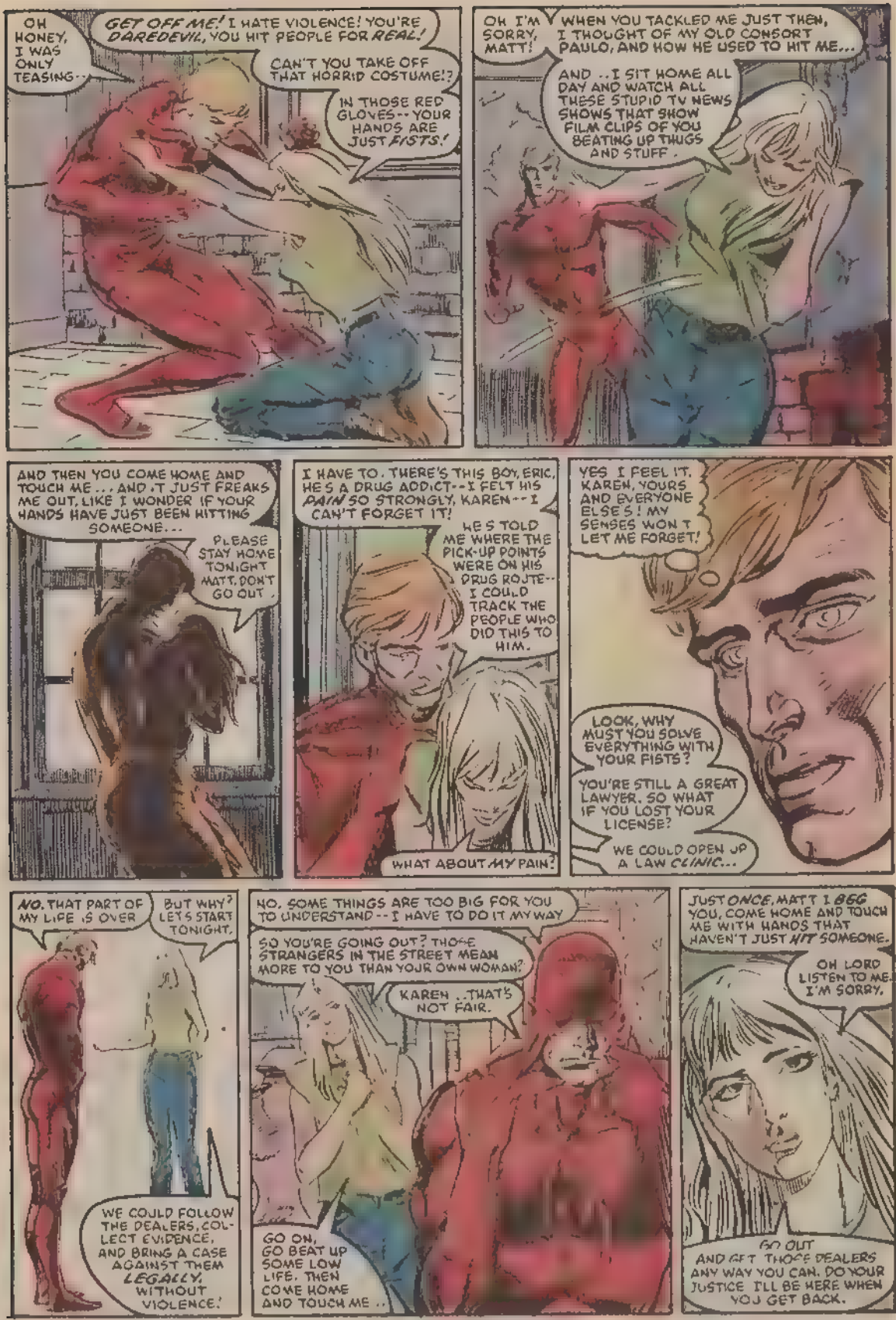
YEAH. I PULLED UP MY ROOTS AND LEFT ALL THAT STUFF BEHIND ME!
GREAT, GREAT, ME, I WAS RAISED CATHOLIC. NOW THAT STUFF YOU NEVER GET OVER...
HEY, RAYMOND, YOU SEEN MY RED BANDANA?
NO.

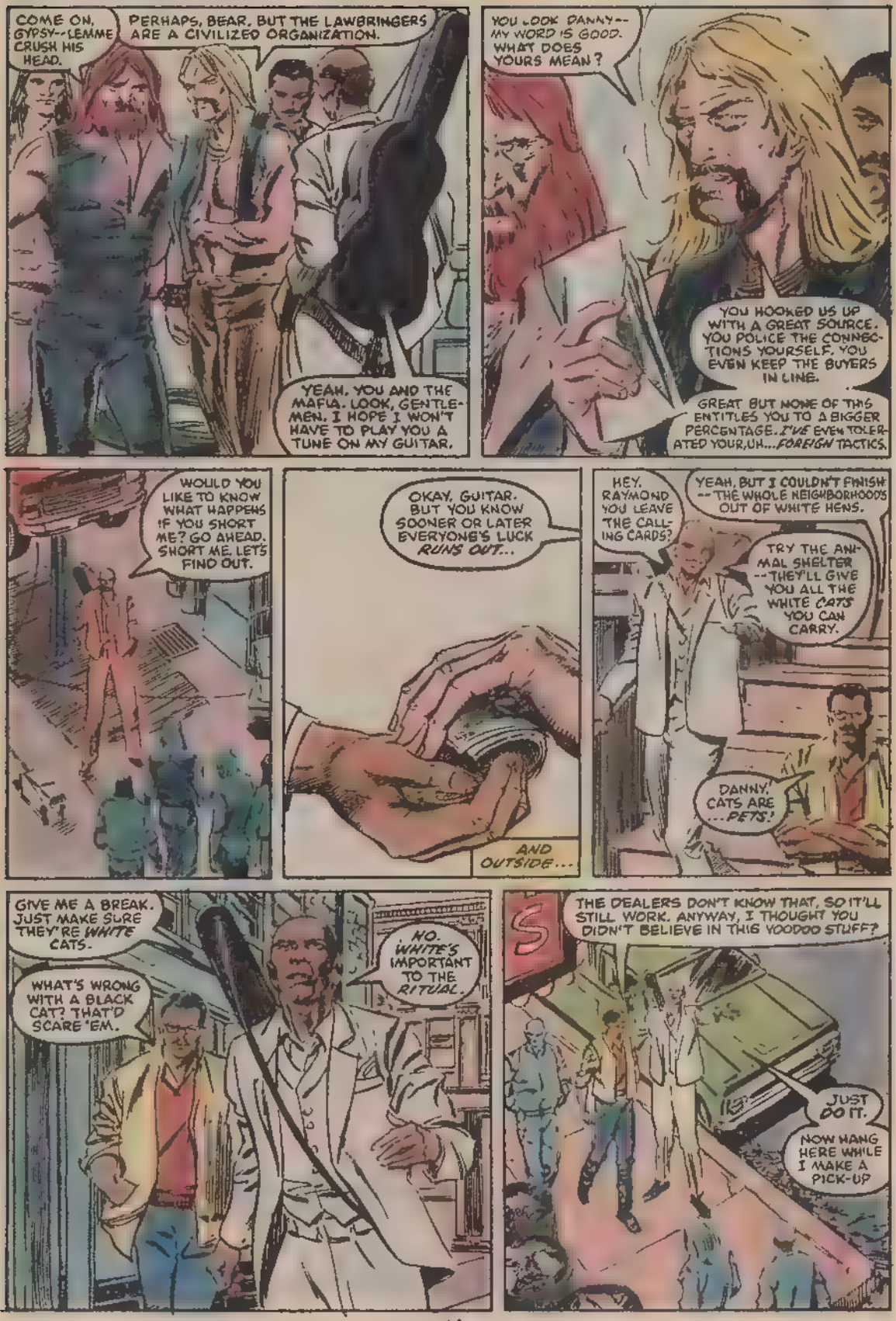
MY FAVORITE SCARF, DARN-- I HATE LOSING THINGS!

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...
COME HOME DANNY GUITAR.
YOU LEFT THE FOLD AND SPOKE THE UNSPEAKABLE
YOU BETRAYED THE HONOR OF THE INITIATE.
YOU SCORNED THE KUN'GAN AND THE MAM'BO.
YOU ANGERED LOA, SPOILED THE 'DANGBE.
NOW YOU MUST COME HOME.
VOO.
DOO.
THE QUEST AND INTROSPECTION--
--OF THE UNKNOWN.
VOO. DOO.
BURY THE DRUMS AND CROSS THE WATERS.
AND YOU--YOU SHALL BE THE NAMELESS ONE. FOR YOUR NAME CANNOT BE SPOKEN.
YOU MUST TAKE HOLD OF DANNY GUITAR--AND YANK HIM BACK BY THE ROOTS!
HERE. HELP ME NOW.
TO THE THROAT TO THE GUT TO THE HEART.


YOU ARE A ROOTED TREE, I, A LIQUID BREEZE.
YOU ARE LEADEN. I MERCURIAL.
YOU ARE THE COBRA, SLOW AND SILENT. I AM THE AIR YOU TURN THROUGH.
COIL LIKE THE COBRA, BEND AS THE TREE... BUT NEVER LET GO OF YOUR ROOTS.
LOOK AT HIM, MY HUN'GAN, MY PRIESTS.
HE IS RAW, ELEMENTAL DEAD FEAR.
AND HE IS RESURRECTED. THE CORPSE OF FEAR IS ALIVE.
WE MUST ENTER THE SECOND STATE. SEND YOUR MINDS AWAY. BEYOND PAIN, BEYOND TOUCH.
NOTHING CAN TOUCH US AND YET WE TOUCH THE MYSTERIES.
SEND YOUR SOULS INTO THE NAMELESS ONE GIVE HIM YOUR POWER
HE WILL BRING THE RENEGADE HOME.
A NEEDLE HERE, A NEEDLE THERE.
WE MUST DRIVE DANNY GUITAR...
...HOME!
TUNK


WISH MATT WOULD COME HOME.
CAN'T SEEM TO FOCUS ON ANYTHING WHEN HE ISN'T HERE. MY MIND TURNS TO HIM LIKE HE'S A MAGNET, NO MATTER HOW BUSY I KEEP MYSELF!
I WORRY TOO MUCH. I LOVE HIM TOO MUCH.
I SHOULD GET A JOB..
SHE DIDN'T HEAR ME COME IN.
WONDER WHAT KAREN DID ALL DAY?
SURPRISE!
HEY!! OH, MATT-- DON'T SCARE ME LIKE THAT! I DON'T LIKE BEING SCARED!
OH, NO? YOU ARE HELPLESS! YOU ARE MY PRISONER!
COME ON, MATT-- THIS ISN'T FUNNY!
YOU WILL DO WHATEVER I WANT!
YOU'RE MINE, KAREN PAGE! YOU'LL DO WHATEVER I WANT!
STOP IT!
KAREN? ARE YOU OKAY?


OH HONEY, I WAS ONLY TEASING--
GET OFF ME! I HATE VIOLENCE! YOU'RE DAREDEVIL, YOU HIT PEOPLE FOR REAL!
CAN'T YOU TAKE OFF THAT HORRID COSTUME!?
IN THOSE RED GLOVES--YOUR HANDS ARE JUST FISTS!
OH I'M SORRY, MATT!
WHEN YOU TACKLED ME JUST THEN, I THOUGHT OF MY OLD CONSORT PAULO, AND HOW HE USED TO HIT ME...
AND ..I SIT HOME ALL DAY AND WATCH ALL THESE STUPID TV NEWS SHOWS THAT SHOW FILM CLIPS OF YOU BEATING UP THUGS AND STUFF.
AND THEN YOU COME HOME AND TOUCH ME... AND IT JUST FREAKS ME OUT, LIKE I WONDER IF YOUR HANDS HAVE JUST BEEN HITTING SOMEONE...
PLEASE STAY HOME TONIGHT MATT, DON'T GO OUT.
I HAVE TO. THERE'S THIS BOY, ERIC, HE'S A DRUG ADDICT--I FELT HIS PAIN SO STRONGLY, KAREN--I CAN'T FORGET IT!
HE'S TOLD ME WHERE THE PICK-UP POINTS WERE ON HIS DRUG ROUTE--I COULD TRACK THE PEOPLE WHO DID THIS TO HIM.
WHAT ABOUT MY PAIN?
YES I FEEL IT. KAREN, YOURS AND EVERYONE ELSE'S! MY SENSES WON'T LET ME FORGET!
LOOK, WHY MUST YOU SOLVE EVERYTHING WITH YOUR FISTS?
YOU'RE STILL A GREAT LAWYER. SO WHAT IF YOU LOST YOUR LICENSE?
WE COULD OPEN UP A LAW CLINIC...
NO. THAT PART OF MY LIFE IS OVER
BUT WHY? LET'S START TONIGHT.
WE COULD FOLLOW THE DEALERS, COLLECT EVIDENCE, AND BRING A CASE AGAINST THEM LEGALLY, WITHOUT VIOLENCE!
NO. SOME THINGS ARE TOO BIG FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND--I HAVE TO DO IT MY WAY
SO YOU'RE GOING OUT? THOSE STRANGERS IN THE STREET MEAN MORE TO YOU THAN YOUR OWN WOMAN?
KAREN..THAT'S NOT FAIR.
GO ON, GO BEAT UP SOME LOW LIFE. THEN COME HOME AND TOUCH ME..
JUST ONCE, MATT I BEG YOU, COME HOME AND TOUCH ME WITH HANDS THAT HAVEN'T JUST HIT SOMEONE.
OH LORD LISTEN TO ME. I'M SORRY.
GO OUT AND GET THOSE DEALERS ANY WAY YOU CAN. DO YOUR JUSTICE I'LL BE HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK.

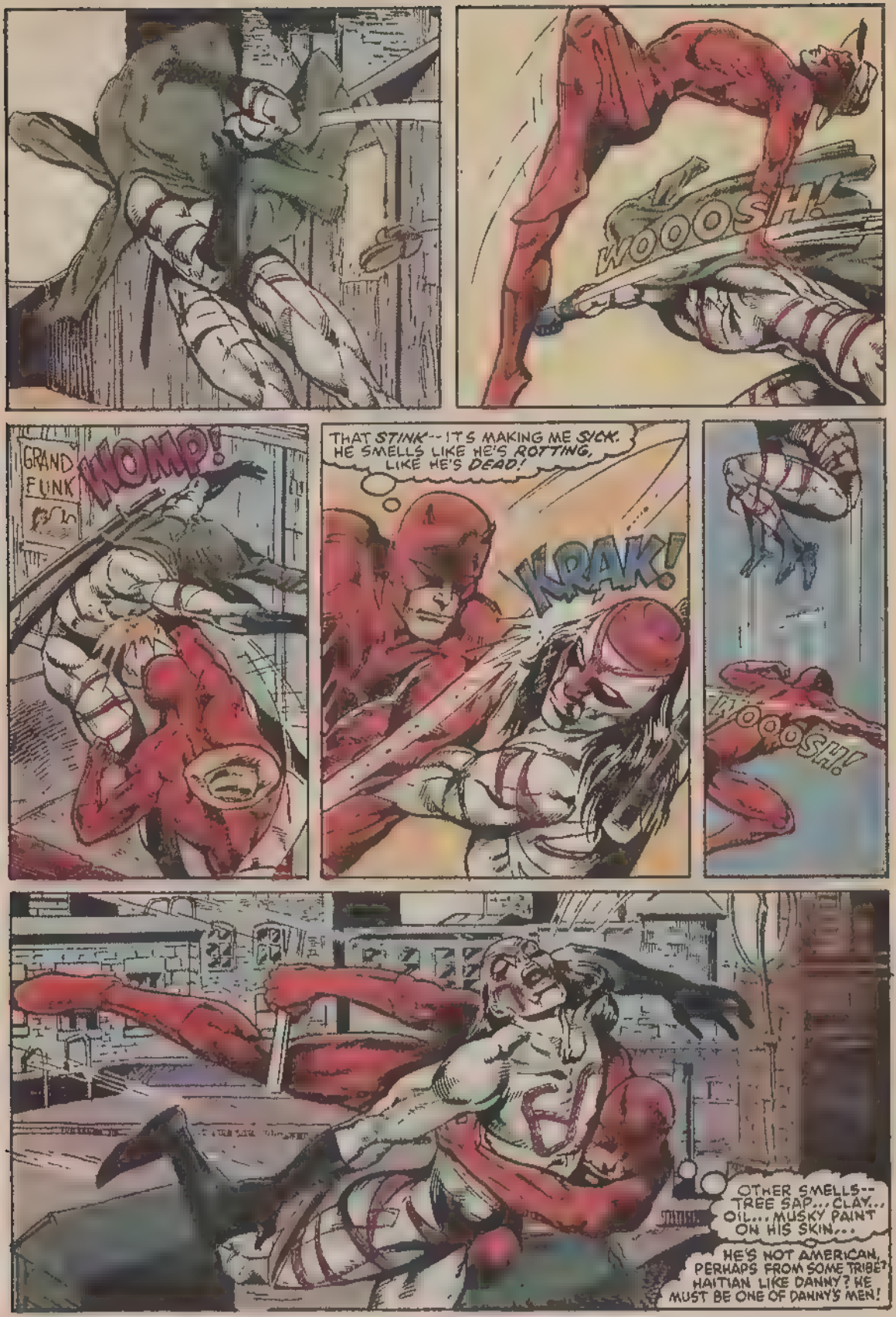

COME ON, GYPSY--LEMME CRUSH HIS HEAD.
PERHAPS, BEAR, BUT THE LAWBRINGERS ARE A CIVILIZED ORGANIZATION.
YEAH, YOU AND THE MAFIA. LOOK, GENTLEMEN. I HOPE I WON'T HAVE TO PLAY YOU A TUNE ON MY GUITAR.
YOU LOOK DANNY--MY WORD IS GOOD. WHAT DOES YOURS MEAN?
YOU HOOKED US UP WITH A GREAT SOURCE. YOU POLICE THE CONNECTIONS YOURSELF. YOU EVEN KEEP THE BUYERS IN LINE.
GREAT BUT NONE OF THIS ENTITLES YOU TO A BIGGER PERCENTAGE. I'VE EVEN TOLERATED YOUR, UH... FOREIGN TACTICS.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU SHORT ME? GO AHEAD. SHORT ME. LET'S FIND OUT.
OKAY, GUITAR. BUT YOU KNOW SOONER OR LATER EVERYONE'S LUCK RUNS OUT...
AND OUTSIDE...
HEY. RAYMOND YOU LEAVE THE CALLING CARDS?
YEAH, BUT I COULDN'T FINISH--THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD'S OUT OF WHITE HENS.
TRY THE ANIMAL SHELTER--THEY'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE WHITE CATS YOU CAN CARRY.
DANNY, CATS ARE ...PETS!
GIVE ME A BREAK. JUST MAKE SURE THEY'RE WHITE CATS.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH A BLACK CAT? THAT'D SCARE 'EM.
NO. WHITE'S IMPORTANT TO THE RITUAL.
THE DEALERS DON'T KNOW THAT, SO IT'LL STILL WORK. ANYWAY, I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THIS VOODOO STUFF?
JUST DO IT.
NOW HANG HERE WHILE I MAKE A PICK-UP

SOON...
YO B-- I DON'T KNOW. THE POWDER'S BEEN PERFECT. WHY THE NEW STUFF?
WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, DANNY GUITAR? AIN'T IT ME? I SAY IT'S BETTER, SO WHAT IS IT?
BETTER...
SO COOL!
THIS IS DESIGNER STUFF. MY TOP MAN, MY JOE SCIENTIST, HE MADE THIS STUFF SO ADDICTING -- ONE TOOT AND IT'S A LIFE SENTENCE.
YO, MAN, HE TESTED THIS STUFF ON MONKEYS -- AND THEY'D RATHER DIE THAN GIVE IT UP! SO WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?
HEY, HIGH FIVE!
MONSTERS. ROTTEN, INHUMAN...
OH, I WANT TO GO IN THERE... I'VE GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED TO CONVICT THEM.
BUT THE COURTS WOULD NEED MORE.
OKAY KAREN. OKAY BUCKO.
I'LL WAIT. GET IT ALL ON TAPE. DO IT YOUR WAY.
THE 'RIGHT' WAY, AS YOU SAY, SO WHY IS MY INTUITION SCREAMING THAT IT'S ALL WRONG?
HOW'S TUNES, DANNY?
COOKIN', COOKIN'.
ROUTE SWITCH DAY AFTER TOMORROW COOL?
COOL.
LOOKIN' GOOD, FREDDIE-O, BUT YOU LATE.
SORRY, BOSS, POPPED A WHEEL.
WON'T HAPPEN TWICE, RIGHT?

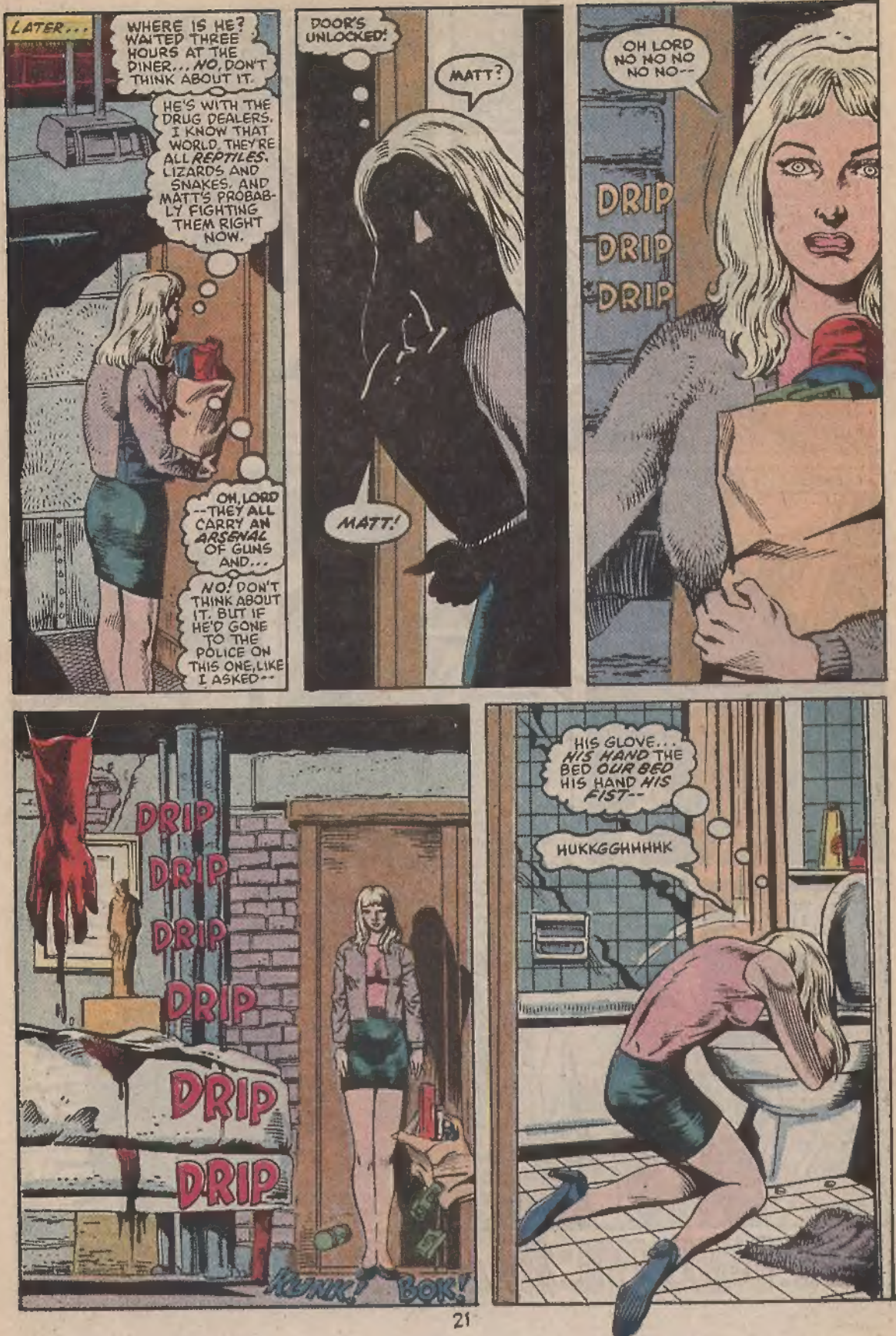
...YOU JUST GOTTA KEEP IT ALL MOVIN', RAYMOND. ROTATE THE ROCKHOUSES, SHIFT YOUR DROP ROUTE, SWITCH RUNNERS, NEVER CARRY QUANTITIES...
...AND YOU'LL NEVER GET CAUGHT! AND IF YOU DO, YOU AIN'T HOLDING MUCH, AND SINCE THE SYSTEM'S DESIGNED TO SHIFT EVERY COUPLE A DAYS, AS FAR AS COPS CAN SEE-- THE RACKET EVAPORATES BEFORE THEY CAN TOUCH IT'
IDLE TALK.
WHISTLE TO THE BANK, MAN, WHISTLE A TUNE ALL THE WAY.
IDLE TALK THAT MAKES YOU BOYS A FORTUNE... AND DESTROYS ALL THE LIVES YOU TOUCH.
CH CKEN FEATHERS
THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT.
TIME TO MOVE.
BEAT 'EM TO THE NEXT DROP POINT.
AND LET THEM DO THE TALKING.
RIGHT INTO THE MICROPHONE.

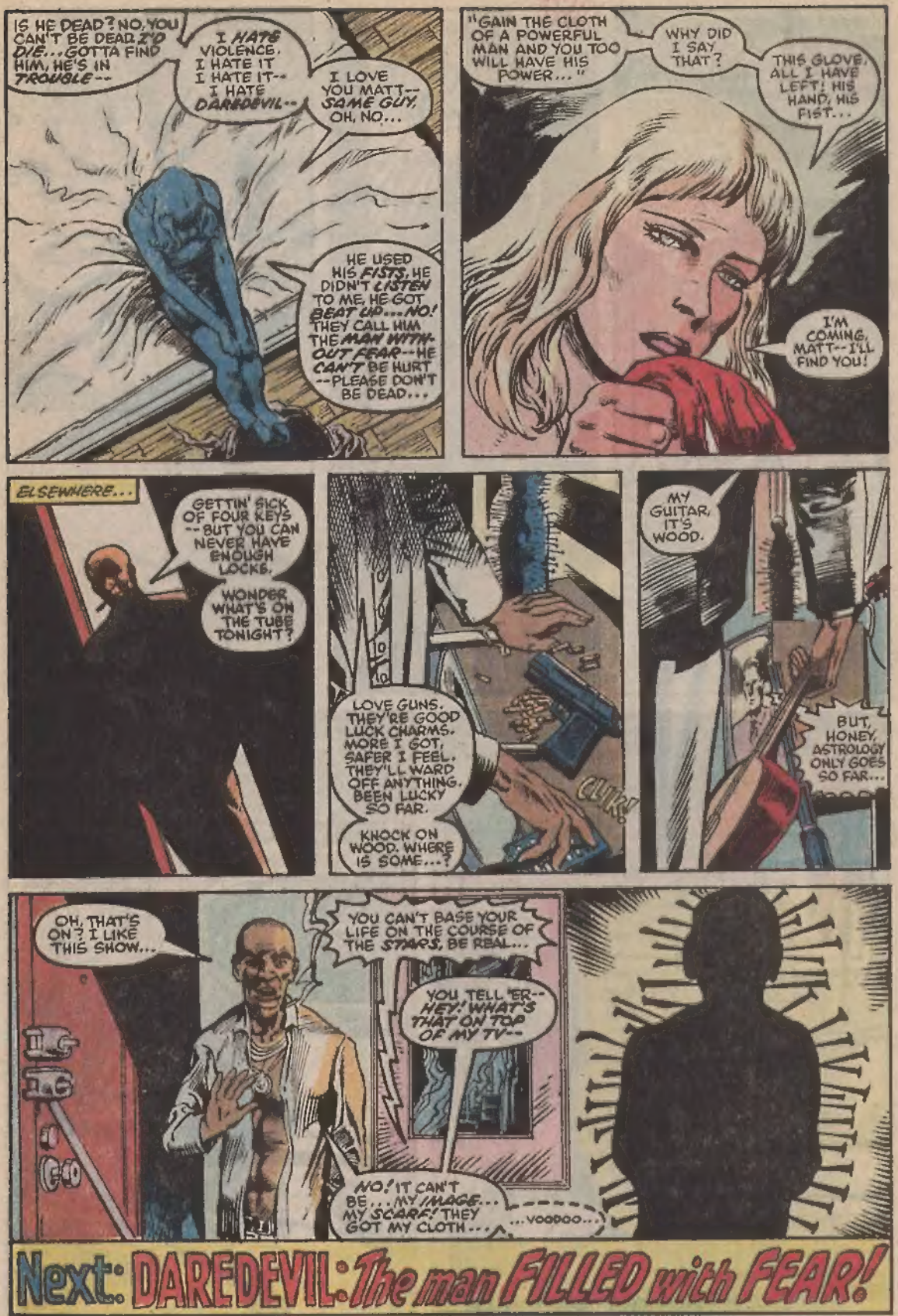
HE'S LATE. MR. HOTCHKINS IS GETTING SLOPPY.
I THINK HE'S USING THE NEEDLE.
YEAH, I SUSPECTED. IDIOT I CAN'T HAVE JUNKIES WORKING FOR ME
YOU ARE HIDDEN, BUT I SEE YOU RED MAN.
YOU MOVE TOO CLOSE.
THAT'S ANOTHER OF MY LAWS-- NOBODY WORKS FOR ME WHO USES DRUGS.
BUT HOTCHKINS LOOKS GOOD, HE LOOKS CORPORATE, HE'D NEVER GET BUSTED.
HOTCHKINS IS A FOOL YOU'D NEVER CATCH ME STICKING A NEEDLE IN MY BODY.
RUIN YOUR LIFE. I WANT THE SUCCESS THIS COUNTRY'S GOING TO GIVE ME TOO BADLY TO RUIN IT WITH A NEEDLE.
IN HAITI EVERYONE IS PARALYZED BY SUPERSTITION. BUT I'M FREE NOW, I AM IN THE GOOD OLD USA!
HEY, GUITAR-- SORRY I'M...
LAST DROP FOR YOU, HOTCHKINS.
NO! I LEFT MY WALL STREET JOB, I'M COUNTING ON THIS ONE--
YOU'VE BEEN SKIMMIN' AND SHOOTIN' THE POWDER BEFORE IT GETS TO THE ROCKHOUSES.
I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THAT. BUT I'M A NICE GUY. YOU CAN LIVE. I'LL EVEN GIVE YOU SOME TOOT FOR THE ROAD.
JUST GET OUT OF MY TURF-- GET OUT OF HELL'S KITCHEN
YOUR TURF?HJH
THAT'S IT, I'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THEIR INCRIMINATING WORDS ON TAPE AND ANY MORE WILL MAKE ME SICK.

AND ABOVE..
THE RED MAN IS A GOOD MAN BUT WE CAN'T LET A FOREIGNER DO OUR WORK. WE MUST TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN.
RIP HIS WORLD OPEN AND SHOW HIM THE TERROR THAT LIES BEYOND.
TOUCH HIM WITH FEAR LET HIM TASTE AND SMELL THE TERROR TILL HE CANNOT MOVE WITHOUT IT STIRRING IN HIS HEART, SHIFTING IN HIS BONES, CLOSING UP HIS THROAT--
--TILL HE IS NOT A MAN BUT A HUSK FILLED WITH FEAR AND NOTHING ELSE.
I HAVE DIVINED HIS SECRET NAME. IF ALL ELSE FAILS, I WILL SPEAK IT.
DANNY GUITAR--YOU'RE GONNA ROT IN A CELL.
...YOU SEE? ANYONE THAT ISN'T LOYAL AND EFFICIENT GETS CUT OFF. THEN SCARE THEM INTO KEEPING THEIR MOUTHS SHUT.
LIKE ERIC, HE DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS FOR THIS KIND OF WORK. SO I MADE HIM A JUNKIE AND LET HIM TASTE SOME FEAR.
NOTHING EASIER TO CONTROL THAN A HURTIN' SCARED JUNKIE.
...SO WE DO IT TOMORROW. I HAVE ALL THE DROP POINTS, YOU CAN LET HIM WALK HIS ROUTE AND ARREST THE ENTIRE NETWORK. I GOT IT ALL.
AND I DIDN'T LAY A GLOVE ON HIM.
BUT IF YOU CAN'T HANG A CASE ON GUITAR AFTER ALL THIS -- YOU GIVE HIM BACK TO ME. DEAL, BUCKO?
YOU GOT IT.
WHERE ARE YOU NOW?
I'M...
SMASH!


WOOOSH!
GRAND FUNK
WOMP!
THAT STINK--IT'S MAKING ME SICK. HE SMELLS LIKE HE'S ROTTING, LIKE HE'S DEAD!
KRAK!
WOOSH!
OTHER SMELLS--TREE SAP... CLAY... OIL... MUSKY PAINT ON HIS SKIN...
HE'S NOT AMERICAN, PERHAPS FROM SOME TRIBE? HAITIAN LIKE DANNY? HE MUST BE ONE OF DANNY'S MEN!

CRASH!
THUD!
WOAH!
IT STABS OUT OF NOWHERE
A BULLET PUNCH. FINGERS POINTED
A NEEDLE TO THE GUT.
A SPIKE RAMMED THROUGH A RAG DOLL.
AAGKK. .KK
HKKKKKK!
THWAK!


LATER...
WHERE IS HE? WAITED THREE HOURS AT THE DINER... NO, DON'T THINK ABOUT IT.
HE'S WITH THE DRUG DEALERS. I KNOW THAT WORLD. THEY'RE ALL REPTILES. LIZARDS AND SNAKES. AND MATT'S PROBABLY FIGHTING THEM RIGHT NOW.
OH, LORD --THEY ALL CARRY AN ARSENAL OF GUNS AND...
NO! DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. BUT IF HE'D GONE TO THE POLICE ON THIS ONE, LIKE I ASKED--
DOOR'S UNLOCKED!
MATT?
MATT!
OH LORD NO NO NO NO NO--
DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
DRIP
KLINK!
BOK!
HIS GLOVE... HIS HAND THE BED OUR BED HIS HAND HIS FIST--
HUKKGGHHHHK


IS HE DEAD? NO, YOU CAN'T BE DEAD. I'D DIE... GOTTA FIND HIM, HE'S IN TROUBLE--
I HATE VIOLENCE. I HATE IT I HATE IT-- I HATE DAREDEVIL--
I LOVE YOU MATT-- SAME GUY, OH, NO...
HE USED HIS FISTS, HE DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME, HE GOT BEAT UP... NO! THEY CALL HIM THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR--HE CAN'T BE HURT --PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD...
"GAIN THE CLOTH OF A POWERFUL MAN AND YOU TOO WILL HAVE HIS POWER..."
WHY DID I SAY THAT?
THIS GLOVE, ALL I HAVE LEFT! HIS HAND, HIS FIST...
I'M COMING, MATT-- I'LL FIND YOU!
ELSEWHERE...
GETTIN' SICK OF FOUR KEYS --BUT YOU CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH LOCKS.
WONDER WHAT'S ON THE TUBE TONIGHT?
LOVE GUNS. THEY'RE GOOD LUCK CHARMS. MORE I GOT, SAFER I FEEL. THEY'LL WARD OFF ANYTHING. BEEN LUCKY SO FAR.
KNOCK ON WOOD. WHERE IS SOME...?
CLIK!
MY GUITAR, IT'S WOOD.
BUT, HONEY, ASTROLOGY ONLY GOES SO FAR...
OH, THAT'S ON? I LIKE THIS SHOW...
YOU CAN'T BASE YOUR LIFE ON THE COURSE OF THE STARS, BE REAL...
YOU TELL 'ER-- HEY! WHAT'S THAT ON TOP OF MY TV--
NO! IT CAN'T BE... MY IMAGE... MY SCARE! THEY GOT MY CLOTH...
...VOODOO...
Next: DAREDEVIL: The man FILLED with FEAR!

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: editor — CRAIG ANDERSON: assistant editor

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP-387 Park Avenue South-New York, New York-10016

Attention correspondents: If you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Ann,

"American Dreamer" was one of the finest stories I've ever read!

Bill Mantlo
(address withheld)

Dear Mr. Macchio,

You have proven that someone else besides Frank Miller—or Harlan Ellison—can bring Daredevil to life with powerful, intimate storytelling and cinematic composition. Ann Nocenti has captured the staccato dialogue and gnarled urban poetry that made Miller's DAREDEVIL a journey of dark magic. Barry Windsor-Smith's pencils kept the pace taut, and the inks were nice and gritty. DD #236 took my breath away! Keep up the good work!

Eleanor J. Barnes
29 Ricker Rd.
Newton, MA 02158

Dear Respondent,

The cover of DAREDEVIL #236 presents a striking portrait of its sturdy title character; just look at that sassy smile! I'm convinced that it pays homage to a cover from the Golden Age of Comics, but I can't recall. Will you check with the artist and report to us the historic background, please?

The interior art was up to guest artist Barry Windsor-Smith's usual elegant standards and was a real treat, but Ann Nocenti's story, "American Dreamer," was profoundly unsettling, albeit masterfully crafted, literature.

Two aspects of the story were particularly disturbing. The first was the abrogation of Agent Hazzard's personal moral responsibility in his having become afflicted with mental illness (having been brought to this pass by the "Doctor" who—having "mucked with his mind," as the Black Widow put it—created the condition that enabled the mental illness to be precipitated by "the Nuke incident") which induced a type of violent behavior that justified the defensive force. The second was the tale's incompleteness in that the only clearly identified culprit, the "Doctor," is never brought to justice.

There is the merest hint that the latter point shall be addressed (perhaps) when, as she embarks upon her mission which concludes with the death of her human quarry by her hand, the Black Widow thinks this ominous thought: "Doctor, heal thyself. When I finish this job...we'll meet again." Was that scene written as a sop to those readers who believe, as I do, that justice should triumph over evil?

David Malcolm Porta
1823 P St. #5
Sacramento, CA 95814

The cover was penciled by Walt Simonson (also known for his penciling on X-FaCTOR and writing on THOR) and inked by Bill Sienkiewicz (who recently illustrated the Daredevil Graphic Novel and the ELEKTRA: ASSASSIN Limited Series). We asked them about historical precedents for that portrait of DD, and they just gave us a couple of sassy smiles.

Dear Ann, Ralph and Barry,

Your special issue of DAREDEVIL served to remind me what it is to be patriotic and what it is to be an American. DAREDEVIL #236 hit the stands in my area on Friday, July 4th, and it certainly changed the way I experienced the holiday.

"American Dreamer" focused on one man's sacrifice for his country, a man who served his country by doing as he was instructed and believed that he was doing the right thing. He later saw that his dreams had been used by others to manipulate him into performing vicious acts under the facade of serving his country. He recognized that twisted and corrupt men had made him twisted and corrupt as well—beyond a point that he could function in society. In the end, he recognized himself as an irreparable threat to the people of the country he loved, and, twisted and corrupted as he was, he made the ultimate sacrifice for the welfare of his country—he killed himself.

I liked the use of the metaphor, "blind spot between the eyes." Our eyes may see that something is wrong, but our biases and ignorance—the blindness of our minds—sometimes prevent us from perceiving the real situation until it is too late. For Jack Hazzard, it was too late.

Especially good was Natasha's closing comment of how the fireworks "burn too hot too fast." Americans don't question enough what they celebrate or what they fight for. The cause of freedom must constantly be weighed and justified. Too often the cause we fight for is accepted as right without question, taken as a given, and with the cause forgotten the fighting becomes meaningless. The desire for celebration on July 4th is too hot and too fast, too quickly extinguished for another year, without being given a great deal of thought. The cause should be remembered every day of the year, not just on July 4th.

I think your story better captured the spirit of Independence Day that the gushy Statue of Liberty Service that was televised, but, sadly enough, a televised special that captured the spirit of the holiday probably wouldn't have attracted as many viewers. Ideology concerning the defense of freedom just doesn't seem to have the same wide appeal as a good song and dance.

Thank you for recognizing Independence Day in a way that others did not.

Dave Berkebile
910 SW Walnut Terrace
Boca Raton, FL 33432

Dear Ann Nocenti and Barry Windsor-Smith,

Regards your recent collaboration in DD #236.

A very good piece, a good performance by both of you. This is the kind of story that *should* be put into more comics because it exposes the violence inside a man for what it is and shows the glories of war as not being glorious at all. It also helps to educate people about a lot of other things, from fireworks to the reptilian brain, man/woman relationships to repressed sexuality, poetic imagery, insanity...things like that. Ann, I think you are a good writer of comics and I wish you success in your work. There is a certain freshness and intelligence that your work possesses, plus a certain "subversive," or rather anti-Empire, kind of flair to it that is a balm to my soul. Thanks for a very good piece of work.

And, of course, Barry Windsor-Smith, whose work I have admired since the early Seventies. The splash page was my favorite, with the aortas and muscles projected onto the face of the mad scientist. The last page of the story worked very well. The way Barry doesn't separate the panels, but presses them together, was particularly effective. The way the whole essence of the story's message is delivered in the last five panels, and especially the last three, was incredibly effective. Visually and verbally, a stunning performance.

Jon Strongbow
5622 15 Ave. NE
Seattle, WA 98105

Dear Ann,

"American Dreamer" was a dark, macabre counterpoint to the manic activity of the day (July 4th), a story which caused me to ponder for yet another time the many paradoxical outcomes of all wars. I found the mixture of irony, futility, hopelessness, coupled with suspense and violence, to be an extremely powerful, disturbing and surprisingly realistic view of the countless vets who bear psychological scars—scars which all too frequently are partially or totally ignored. When the mental suffering of these vets is finally acknowledged, the damage is often beyond repair.

An analysis of the story by me would be presumptuous; it speaks for itself. The final three panels on page 23 showing a child shooting a toy gun from an open window, playing war, was a chilling reminder of how often little boy's apparently innocent toys later become lethal weapons in older hands belonging to minds no longer innocent. This is not an anti-war statement on my part, nor is it a criticism of patriotism. It is merely my way of reminding myself, and perhaps a few others, how thin the barrier is between a healthy pride in one's country and fanaticism.

I wish to congratulate all involved on an intelligent, thoughtful and powerful story complemented by some of the best artwork I've ever seen. I will cherish this particular story for many years to come.

Gary Lloyd
1020 Alabama Ave.
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33313

Dear Ann and Barry,

Aren't fill-ins supposed to be substandard? What happened? DD #236 was terrific! The art and script made for a fine story. Naturally, each reader will take away something different from "American Dreamer." I saw it as an ongoing process: Nuke was yesterday's casualty, Jack Hazzard died today, Tommy dies tomorrow. I enjoyed a confrontation that was more than equal parts of a wrestling match, hockey game, fist fight and barroom brawl. Rather than being strictly physical, this battle was on an emotional level as well. DD's the optimist; the Widow's the realist. Both know Hazzard's dangerous. Yet they triumph, philosophy intact, neither getting on the killing treadmill.

Joe Frank
4425 N. 78th St. #260B
Scottsdale, AZ 85251

DAREDEVIL
#COMICSCANS
DALNET